UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1236.

Original Poetry.

A GRAVE BY THE STREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY T. HEMSTEAD.

What the death-dews shall gather, cold, cooling, of any brow,
And chilled be the current that lingers our now;
Oh! lay me to rest, by you ancient and lone place
Where the willow waves bright in its flickering grace.

Beneath the pale moon, and the blue pebbles in dread,
And beware'st last ray from my vision has fled,
Calmly, oh! calmly, then lay me to rest,
Where the laugh and the tear may be ever at rest.

Beneath the dew-wet willow, there let me repose:
Where the breath of the morning is hale to the rose,
Oh! let me be low, where the lily may blow,
And the lake of the lowest self, ever flow.

The dampe of the grave shall be cold on me there,
But the voice of the grove shall be sweet on the air;
And there the very fond of the child, and the love
That doth shrouded my gaze from the wrog of the light.

Let me lie, let me lie, where the breath of the spring,
A green coverlid may embroider over me,
Where soft is the zephyr, and mother the dew,
And bright of the bead in the violet's hue.

Or the brink of you river green blossoms my grave,
Where the voice of the hurricane never may rave,—
Where the linden may spread its broad branches above,
And the bee warble by with a token of love.

Let the winds whisper on with their death-breathing tone,
They will sing of a love that forever hath flown,—
Of the grave and the spring let them joyously tell,
But the shadow from ay'er be they may never dwell.
Then meet be the spot to the one that I've loved,—
With whom, through the dale's mossy pathway I've roved.

When evening was dim o'er the brow of the hill,
And dreamy the tones of the glimmering rill,
At my moment, when on the shrine of my heart,
When from earth and its glories, forever I part,
Then calmly I remember while upon shall dwell,
And sweet be the dreams that envelope my soul.

Original Tales.

THE YOUNG SCHOOLMASTER

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOW OR NEVER."

"And so you refuse to marry Miss Long, do you, a girl with thirty thousand pounds in good securities?"

This was said in an angry tone, —, an old miser to his nephew.

"I am too young to marry, in the first place," said the nephew, "and in the second place, Miss Long is the last woman on earth that I should choose for a wife, she would enough o be my mother."

"That, sir, be third place," said his uncle, "I shall make my will, and leave all my estate to strangers. I give you yet another day to consider of it, and then if you still refuse, nothing more shall be done for you—go to your chamber, and don't let me see your face till to-morrow."

The young man left the room, too incensed to reply, if reply were required. Instead of being in his chamber, he went into a kind-hearted, affectionate woman, one who had loved him from his infancy and who now was his only friend. She was the widow of an old ship master, and lived on a very small income left by her husband, yet small as this income was it was sufficient to support a little portion of it to the necessities of the young man, who, otherwise, would have suffered for the want of them.

"Well, Aunt Letty," said he, throwing himself on a chair, "the die is cast, my uncle insists on my marrying Miss Long, and as that is out of the question, I must look out for myself, and get some situation either in an office or——"

"You cannot, in any event, be in a worse situation than you are now, my dear Delamere," said she, "to be comforted. I am sure you will succeed in whatever you undertake, and, in case of sickness, my dear child, I am always at hand."

"I know your good, kind heart, my dear aunt, and I love to be near you, but as to getting a living in the city, near my uncle, too, that I cannot and will not do. I shall be unfair off, which must be the case, it is death to me to think of leaving you behind."

"Leave what you have in your head, Delamere! Cannot I go where you go, I am only forty-five years old, and am as able to travel or undergo hardships as you are really."

"But, my dear aunt, I have no prospects; I must go and look for a situation, and you may depend on the same—as I get something to do I shall send for you."

"No, no; I shall not be left behind to fret and worry, and fancy all sorts of horrid things —look here, dear, what do you say to this for a beginning—just for a beginning, mind."

Delamere took the newspaper which she held towards him, and saw that she pointed out the advertisement she pointed out was from persons in a distant country, in want of a schoolmaster. He perused a moment or two after reading it, and Aunt Letty watched his countenance with great anxiety.

He looked up, at length, and sighed, but on seeing how deeply the good lady was feeling, he roused himself and resumed his natural, placid manner.

"I had higher expectations than this," said he, "but as I am now situated I shall feel grateful for even so humble a situation as this. But after all, I may be unsuccessful; this advertisement is a week old, and there are, no doubt, a number of applicants. Then there is the want of money even to pay my expenses there and back again in case of failure."

"Leave all that to me, my dear boy, as it is a settled thing that I go with you. I shall take care that there is money enough to carry us there and I expect we shall succeed well enough, dear. I received my half year's interest yesterday, and that is a hundred dollars, and I have a hundred dollars beside. I am getting old and cross, which will certainly bring ten or twenty, perhaps fifty dollars, so that there is no want of money."

"This is now April, and in August I shall be of age, but as my uncle is my guardian, he has power to keep me in leading strings still."

"He has as good as turned you out of doors, my dear child, but let not this distress you; you can come to him to-night. Let him know that as you cannot consent to sacrifice yourself in the way he wishes, and as he has signified his intentions of disowning you, it becomes necessary for you to go to work to maintain yourself. But you can say all this properly, for you are very gifted with your pen."

Delamere smiled, for her affection for him made her fancy that he excelled in all that he undertook. He was, in fact, an excellent young man both in principles and talents, and if his uncle had been a man of common humanity, he might have taken a high rank among the young men of his age. His uncle, Walter Delamere, was a broker, and in consequence of possessing sharp business talents, had became very wealthy. But this wealth brought him no comforts, no pleasures—he scarcely allowed himself the necessaries of life, and knew nothing of luxuries. His nephew was thrown upon his care when ten years of age; the child had lost his parents when an infant, and, the woman who had him in charge having married and left the country, Mr. Delamere was compelled to pay some attention to the boy.

After thinking it over for a few hours, he concluded to send him to a boarding school until it was time to go to college, and when his education was finished, to place him at the desk of his own office. The youngster in due time went to college, came out with honors, and, a few days after, was seated on a three-legged stool before a huge, old-fashioned wooden desk in his uncle's office.

Young Delamere never understood that his parents had left any property, and thus the one was not a man to be questioned on the subject. Mrs. Bright, the person he called Aunt Letty, lived near the nurse who had charge of him, and became very fond of the child, and that love continued as he grew to manhood. She had made inquiries about the pecuniary affairs of his father, but could only learn that a few thousands dollars was all that remained for the support of the child.

Mr. Walter Delamere was now in his sixtieth year, and though thin and gaunt in appearance, was strong and healthy. He was scrupulously honest in all his dealings, as if this was his only virtue, for his love of hoarding stifled every ennobling and generous feeling, if any existed in his nature. He was a widower. He was in the constant habit of telling his nephew that his money was of his own earning, and that he had no sympathy for ties of relationship. A beggar in the street, if he pleased him, might be his heir, or his property might all go to an institution. "Once for all," he would say, "I will not do "come up to the mark"—which was a favorite expression of his—he should have no hesitation in cutting him off from all expectations.

Delamere, from being told this repeatedly, grew perfectly indifferent on the subject of inheritance, he was that his uncle was a healthy, active man, and likely to live many years, and that the only plan to be pursued, was to get an independent business, and then to carve out his own fortune. He had now been nearly a year chained to the desk, and was well inducted into the money making schemes of his uncle, so that he felt assured he could work his way in the world, even though his uncle's mole of making money was very distasteful to him.

When he took his seat at the tea-table of good Aunt Letty, fagged and dispirited, she could cheer him with the delightful prospect of making money enough to purchase a farm on the banks of a pleasant river. She spoke of the country, and listened with an interesting family around him, all dependent on his cares and his kindness. It was a rare thing to see him at his cheerless and uncomfortable bed, with the same wretched feelings that beset him when he left the office, and a thousand times did he bless good Aunt Letty for her kind and pleasant ways.

Miss Long lived near Mr. Delamere's office, she had seen him frequently enter and leave the office for a long time—his habits were regular and his business talents unquestionable. If he wished a loan, he would be sure to get it—if necessary, and large as her income was, she thought that in his hands it would soon be doubled. Her personal appearance was unexceptionable, and he, anxious to have such an estate under his own control, for so he had determined it should be under his own control, for so he had determined if his nephew refused her hand, that Mr. Delamere would not listen to his uncle on the subject. Again and again it was referred to, until the whole took place which has been already described.

He took sick down from his lofty place, to the humble occupation of a teacher of children was a severe trial, and it required the utmost attention from Aunt Letty to prevent him from utter despondence. There was no time to lose, however, as he expected to be angrily expelled from his uncle's house the next day. He had no preparations to make, no trunks to pack, for Mrs. Bright, a high spirited woman, and loving Delamere with a mother's tenderness, resolved that even the clothes he wore should be left behind, that by parading him in fur off, which must be the case, it is death to me to think of leaving you behind."

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A close carriage, attended by an armed escort, stopped at the landing. The splash of the falling anchor—the sharp pipe of the boatswain, the trend of men and bottle of blacks were heard—and are those sounds were heard in the end, the schooner had become a shapeless object in the eyes of the official functionaries and idlers who watched her departure.

Amid the stir attendant upon shipping and making sail the commander stood aloof, issuing his orders and watching ship so if his mind knew no other thought. All the persons were Arnauts, but left the deck first; upon it being signified to her that the prince's father, she declined. Poisoned was viewed, she was ordered either; going to obey she would have been forced to the step, had not Manuel, at this juncture interfered personally. "Senora it is time," he said, "to say adieu to this. Solitary confinement shall be your lot. This way, madam;" and with seeming politeness he led her to the companion. "To you I resign my cabin. Sentry see to your charge! Shot is to be alone, let no one see or hold converse with her!"

He returned to the deck and till after the schooner had rounded the point, officers and crew were kept in constant excitement and motion as they obeyed his oft-issued mandates. He had effected his object, Annetta had escaped unobserved, save by him, and even the treacherous had rejoined the vessel. Again the schooner was sheered mid stream, and the dock given in charge to the officer of the watch.

* * * * * * *

"Gentlemen," said the commandant of Gastopuli, addressing the Consul the following morning, "I have received despatches from Don Manuel to this effect. That last night though at what hour he does not say, one of the prisoners in his charge threw herself into the river. Here are the details; orders are issued for his arrest, should he be brought before you"! They decided not, as it was a prerogative he could claim to be tried by a board of naval officers, and beside the case was unimportant to the State.

Don Manuel was superseded in his command and ordered to join the Sig dog, and here we will leave him to follow the fortunes of Annette.

CHAPTER III.

A party of friends were at hand to receive her upon landing, and after a few hours ride she found herself with Don Fivras her grandsire, who was escorted it a ride of miserable hut; the dilapidated and wretched appearance of which acquired little for comfort or convenience. A short time had been passed in this seclusion, and they were anxiously awaiting the arrival of Don Diago, who as our readers remember was also a devoted fugitive. Imprisonment, anxiety and privation had enfeebled Don Fivras to such an extent that he was left a mere wreck both in bodily physical and mental faculties. In gloomy silence the couple sat regarding each other, when a step was heard approaching. It was Diago, and his dejected appearance boded no good.

"Senor," he said, "you have but one resort, a means has been provided, and you must leave the country. We cannot expect for some time to wrest the sway of power from the hands of those who now hold it; and were it their last act having you in their power, 'twould be to take your life. Hush, we are too late even now—be firm. We are betrayed, it is the sound of men."

Their situation commanded a view of the river, a launch filled with armed men was approaching. Don Fivras and Diago embraced, casting one glance upon Annette they looked to their arms. The imbecility of the old man was gone, the latent fire of his energies blazed anew.

They were safe! The boat had passed. The excitement of the moment was too much for the old man, and he sank exhausted.

"Look to him, Annette," said Diago, "I must away—the errand of those who passed to plunder, their destination the neighboring rancho. A handful of brave men are resting there, they must not want a leader."

Ere consciousness had fully resumed her domain with Don Fivras, the report of fire arms was heard, together with the cry of combatants. Magic could never effect change so sudden as this wrought on the prostate veteran, it was with a difficulty he could be restrained from rushing forth. The boat that with steady stroke a moment since made way against the current, now was to be seen direct obedience in a moment, while from the remnant of her crew arose groans and blasphemy. Silence was no longer, the shrill bugle rang through the woods. And in the distance was to be heard the roll of drum from ship board as they beat to quarters, and though there was no loud volley yet many and frequent were the report of carbines.

While listening in silent dread, Annette and the old man were seized, hurried from the hut, and placed in the hands of mounted men. Herself held in the firm grasp of the horseman who with steed spurred to the utmost, dashed reckless of life and limb—onward in raging ravine, new feeling water crevice, while the whistling bullet flew by them, and the cry of pursuer was heard in their track they were escaping from malice.

"Courage, my brave hearts! here's our launch!" cried the leader of the copious whom.

Emerging from the trees the open bay was before them. Dismounting upon the beach, they carried their scarcless burthens through the surf to a boat manned in readiness. Upon the shore of shoving off a third horseman was seen advancing at a gallop. But no desperate carbine was poised, "a friend!" was the cry and Bernard, with the wounded Manuel reached the boat.

The wearied horses were left at large, while the swelling sail filled by the land breeze planed them without the reach of their pursuers.

The reader will readily have divined that Manuel was the commander of the party in the launch, whose daring had captured Annette. Taken, a not unwilling, though wounded prisoner, he was conveyed on board the vessel in which Fivras and Annette embarked for a land in which revolutions, if frequent, are bloodless and legal.

In a delightful spot on the shores of that bay near the head of which stands the beautiful city of Baltimore, is situated a tasteful residence, where the Ex Lieutenant in the Colombian service, is passing a pleasant life—now wearing out its meridian, with Annette—the Emanuel De Vie faithful Bernard is with them—and there are now more than one living pledge against the extention of a family, whose arms in this land of peace and freedom, was the close of so many stirring and dangerous adventures.

☞ Persons owning land in Virginia may be interested in knowing that the Auditor of Public Accounts at Richmond has announced that delinquents on account of non-payment of taxes are liable to have their lands sold by the Sheriff every five years, and this is the year of sale. The auditor requests such persons to correspond with him in relation to the matter before June next.

☞ On Friday, the 14th ult., Mr. Worcester Thompson and his wife, were drowned by falling into a small lake about a mile and a half from Lenox, Lackawa, Michigan, while they were crossing it. The man fell in first, and being unable to extricate himself, his wife hastened to his assistance, when she too fell in, and both finally perished.

☞ We notice in a Massachusetts paper, that that fine shrimps are sent from Boston to Liverpool—packed, the outer coat of congealed ice in Missouri, and from thence across the country in caravans to Mexico. One Boston house recently received orders for 250,000 yards of blanket shooting, and 150,000 yards to tie brown stair.

☞ On Saturday night last some villains went through Chestnut street, Boston, and tore off every silver plate cover to the key holes. Two dollars reward is offered for the conviction of the person or persons found guilty of the mischief.

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Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any Postmaster who will procure us FIVE DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sartain's Union Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For SEVEN DOLLARS, four copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and a splendid premium.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godney's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, one Godney's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*** One anonymous friend, who desires notice to be taken of any particular paragraph or article, will confer a favor by putting strong black lines around it. The number of newspapers which are published, and in the course of a year given them more than a cursory examination is impossible, and thus anonymous things of a secret may escape attention.

*** The "Comet's Daughter" is so long a story, and we have so many on hand, that we do not see how we can find room for it in addition to our duty to the article. All in good time.

*** Several poetical and other favors are on hand, which will receive the earliest possible attention. Among these are some gems.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Pennsylvania reader will notice that we have given, in our foreign news, and in various other places, more very interesting matter relative in iron. The increased demand for this staple in Europe,—and the daily increasing calls for it, in the long lines of railroads projected in Great Britain, and upon the continent, must not only give to Pennsylvania the whole American market, but a portion of the European also. In view of this, we find our iron masters moving with an industry and enterprise which promises more permanent and profitable results than could attend any merely speculative movement. Without intending that peculiar sin of Philadelphians, the pun, we must all admit that the iron trade is now and will long remain a basis to be shaken by any slight cause, or succession of causes.

The high prices of iron for several will tend to an enlargement of all branches of its manufacture, through all its ramifications in this commonwealth. Every article of which iron is the principal part can be profitably made here; and the improvements in the processes of its manufacture into steel, sheet, tacks, castings and the almost endless varieties of its application, will soon create an interest and investment of capital here, which no future movements in New York or elsewhere can long equilibrate. The use of our coal beds into requisition. The use of anthracite coal in the manufacture of iron, though it has been reached a very formal and important stage, may yet be said to be still in its infancy. As it progresses new discoveries and inventions will be made, which will give to, after a few years, an idea of the value of the coal and iron of Pennsylvania, of which, at present, we hardly dream.

It is gratifying also to observe that the iron interest is not the only one which is now in a healthy and prosperous condition. Almost every industrial pursuit is well rewarding its fellowcra. General employment, and consequent remarkable consumption, give to land, in its whole length and breath, a cheerful aspect. People are wisely content with sure though moderate profits, and the speculative mania of the past few years, is now forgotten. Money can be laid for a long series of years of prosperity. We shall all go on very well, if we do not when it declared to be our fortune.

A pleasant variety of matter will be found upon our outside pages to-day, and the most upon the table the reader is now sure to find of interest. The letter from New York has some very interesting remarks upon the condition of the sewing girls, and the deplorable condition which, we fear, is little better in other cities in the Union. This is a subject which is well worth the attention of the philanthropist every where; and sometime as it will be productive of instant and sensible good. Cheapness of bargain makers little respect to whatever their pernicious existence may be subjecting the poor and industrious.

The tribute to the memory of Mrs. Willis, in our correspondent's letter, will find a universal response from our readers. To those, as to us, the news of her death came, not as if it were

"A fee grief
Due to some single friend"

But as if in the bereavement of Willis the whole reading public had a deep and melancholy interest. We have before us a circular dated Boston, March 31, in which we find a notice of various kinds of imo are given, and on which there is an excellent likeness of Mrs. Willis, stating that iron had risen ten shillings a ton in the prices there since the 1st of January. The same letter, states the price of iron in Sweden and Russia is equally high. The rise in this article probably rise still higher, as soon as the state of the English market became known in that country. Manufacture, in price of iron, has rapidly advanced in this country. The railroad iron, which might be had for under forty for $60 a ton, can no longer be obtained at any price under $70. Had the rise in this article been her would have been glad, a few months since, to accept forty-five dollars a ton, last term sold at seventy, and is now held at a still higher price.

BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.

The session of the Baltimore Conference of the M. E. Church, adjourned last week to meet on Tuesday. Among the appointments we notice the following:

Carlisle District—Robert T. Emery, P. E.; Carlisle Station, John A. Gere; Carlisle Circuit, Wm. Perry; Mechanicsburg, Wm. Hamilton; Shippensburg, Wm. Ryland; Chambersburg, Samuel Norwood, P. Dunn, P. M.; Greencastle, Wm. Hunter; Hagerstown, Wm. Hamilton; Williamsport, Wm. Ryland; Boonsboro, Wm. Hunter; Frederick, T. T. Wrenge; Chambersburg, James H. Brown; Middletown, Wm. Hunter; Liberty, Wm. Ryland; Emmitsburg, Wm. Hunter; Hampstead, Thomas Boyer; Manchester, Frederick Conrad; Daniel Thomas, J. W. Kelly, Frederick Circuit, Daniel Thomas, J. W. Kelly; Hagerstown District—H. Slicer, P. E.; Hagerstown, Jas. G. Hartman, one to be supplied.

Baltimore District—H. Slicer, P. E.; Lexington Station, George Unger; Lexington Circuit, Thomas S. Hill; Baltimore Station, Wm. Smith, Jas. Smith, Edward Ely, Charles Elliott, Wm. Hamilton, Jacob Gruber, Jas. Hamilton, Wm. Ryland, Wm. Hunter

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.
Postmasters are requested to forward their names and one dollar, and receive a copy for a year, as a premium for a club.
Agents will please address their letters to the publication office.
Other towns will not be entered on the Post Office list, unless the paper is paid in advance, or the name of the person for whom it is sent, or some responsible person in the neighborhood, and residing at the office at which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, and Wisconsin, assisted by *Master Master, Jr., S. Rose, G. B. Newman, T. Wiseman, W. Gardener Smith, T. T. Dent and H. T. Jennings.*
JOHN MIDDLETON, Oxford, East and West.
JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are agents in Kentucky, and Tennessee.
M. HENRY H. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.
ISRAEL K. JAMES is Agent for Philadelphia and Reading, and will receive subscriptions and collect money for us. *Wagner, Wilson, Hollingsworth, Jr., Collins, and J. Simmons, Jr., B. B. Massey, John Collins, and J. Simmons* assist.
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Boston.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent.
☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester

Notices of New Works.

THE POPULAR HISTORY OF THE WORLD. *By Orlando Peet, Esq. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* The second number of this beautiful publication has been issued. It completes the history of Egypt, and commences that of Ethiopia. It is liberally illustrated, printed on fine white and thick paper, and is altogether one of the most splendid works in the mechanical execution, which has been issued in this country. The author has availed himself of the labors of the Egyptologists and Champollion the discoverer of our forerunners Dr. Morton, in the history of Egypt. The work embraces the most recent discoveries, and is as useful to instructor in appearance.

MICHELET'S HISTORY OF FRANCE. *Translated by H. Hazlitt. P. & V. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* The second number of this valuable work has been laid upon our table. In the day of revolution, the history of France is a subject of one of the most valuable of those before the public. The readers can obtain a knowledge of the causes, and the mode of vaccination in such that, when completed and bound, the work will be at once an ornament and a valuable addition to the library.

UNCLE SAM AND THE WORLD, FROM THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK TO THE PRESENT TIME. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* This volume of the Family Library may be regarded as the continuation of No 92 of the same series, which contains the voyages of Captain Cook. It contains Notices of the voyages of Lis Perouse, Vancouver, Bougainville, La Place, Krusenstern, Roechenberger, Ross, Back, and all others of any note, making a closely printed and very useful volume.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. The March number of this work is reprinted, in a form *a la mode* of the style now in vogue, by *Leonard Scott & Co.* of the Philadelphia publisher. It contains another paper by Kit North, and a continuation of the British Critic, No II. The various seems to be reviving his youth. The number is good, and will be read with interest by all who read it at all. Among the most interesting papers is it is "A Sequel to the English Opium Eater."

THE LOVE MATCH. *By Mrs. Henry Grafton. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.* Grafton is the author of those very amusing works, Sylvester Sound, "Caroline Fry," Mary Thorn, and others of the same class. We have here the initial number of a work "designed to illustrate the effects resulting from a misconception of character on the union of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Todd." The story is to be completed in four parts, and gives rich promise of it.

HARPERS' FAMILY BIBLE, No. 22, has been received by *T. B. Peterson & Co.* and *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.* It brings the Old Testament down to the 25th Chapter of Job; and contains many beautiful wood cuts, and is very well printed. We think the publishers would consult the wishes of their customers by commencing the New Testament, and thus bringing the completion of the work.

KEITH'S HOUSE AND HOME MAGAZINE. *By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* This is a pleasantly conducted magazine, and is designed to show "the proper difference between the two sorts of things implied by the difference between 'keeping house,' and 'keeping a home,' and between 'keeping house,' and 'housekeeping.'"

MY SON'S FIRST BOOK. *Philadelphia: Wm. G. Hamlin.* A beautifully printed and illustrated little volume designed for the use of children in the first exercises of reading readers. It is mechanical execution it is equal to any thing we have ever seen issued in this country, and is entirely free from those errors that abound in some.

THOMAS NOGGERS. *Carey & Hart* have just issued in neatest part of The History of the Commons and the Leaders by Thome. It is considered by the London Times as "the most valuable work of the season." We have here the initial num ber of a work "designed to illustrate the effects resulting from a misconception of character on the union of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Todd." The story is to be completed in four parts, and gives rich promise of

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Selected Poetry.

THE POWER OF SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER,
BY JOHN S. DWIGHT.

From rocky cleft the torrent dashes;
Down, down he comes with thunder-shock;
The sturdy oak beneath him crashes,
And after rolls the loosened rock.
Amazed, o'erjoyed, with awe and wonder
The traveller stops and gazes round,
He hears the all-pervading thunder,
But cannot tell from whence the sound.
So rolls the tide of Song, for ever,
Where mortal foot hath wandered never.

Allied with the dreaded powers above us,
Who deftly spin life's slender thread,
Who can resist his power to move us?
Who can the singer's spell evade?
He [illegible] magic wand inherits,
And charms the heart with influence soft,
Down to the realm of tortured spirits,
Or bears it heavenward aloft,
On Fancy's airy ladder reeling,
Swayed to and fro with giddy feeling.

As when into the scene of pleasure
Some dread disaster stalks along,
With giant-like, unearthly measure,
And scatters terror through the throng;
He strips at once the gay delusion—
This stranger from the other world;
The masks fall off in dire confusion;
Earth's greatness to the ground is hurled;
And before Truth's all conquering mirror,
Withers each work of sin and error.

So, every earthly burden spurning,
Man's thoughts at Music's bidding rise;
And with immortal ardor burning,
With godlike tread he walks the skies;
The gods as one of theirs embrace him;
There must his daily troubles sleep;
Thither no destiny can chase him,
Thither no earthly thing can creep;
His brow is smooth; no fear alarms him;
He knows no care while Music charms him.

And, as the boy, with hopeless longing—
When stolen freedom yields no rest,
But home-thoughts to his heart keep thronging
Flies to his injured mother's breast;
So Music has the power to charm us,
When turned from nature's simple truth;
From cold and foreign ways to warm us
With the old feelings of our youth.
[illegible]

Selected Tales.

THE BRIDAL ROBE.

A Tale for True Lovers.

CHAPTER I.

[illegible]

days would ensue; and though she, in common with all true Christians, looked only to a future state for the enjoyment of pure felicity, yet, depending upon an omnipotent power, she did not despair of attaining happiness on earth.

In addition to her other disquietudes, poor Lena's ideas of propriety were cruelly outraged by the vulgar pleasure which Mrs. Bruggemann derived in watching and commenting upon every thing that passed at her neighbor's; but, too dutiful to reprove the mere follies and mistakes of a parent, she endured the annoyance in silence, striving to subdue her own vexation at the incorrigible disposition which forbade all hope of domestic peace.

The wassail and banqueting at the great house were without end; every night a brilliant illumination shone from the windows, and the sound of revelry and merriment penetrated Lena's distant apartment. Often, too, when the bright moon tipped the trees with silver, a joyous party feasted in the stately garden. Lovers might be seen stealing away through the pleached alleys, chequered only by the rays which came dancing through the waving branches of flowering shrubs; and Maurice Kettler, the life and soul of the entertainment, doing the honors of all his guests, while he lavished the most flattering attentions upon one. Lena, tired of contention, sometimes suffered herself to be dragged to the window on these occasions; and she struggled hard with her feelings when surveying the haughty airs and disdainful manners of the beautiful Canegonde. Might she not feel glad, to see how small a chance of happiness there was for Maurice in his ambitious choice? No, no: she was too gentle, too kind, too forgiving, to indulge a sentiment so inimical to her angelic disposition; and she grieved at the indications of an imperious temper which the intended bride continually displayed. Mrs. Bruggemann, vexed that she could find very few faults in the personal appearance of the lady, and somewhat awed by her proud looks and scornful gestures, openly rejoiced at the prospect of wedded infelicity which awaited the merchant. The gossiping dame's attention was, however, soon called off from the affairs of others by the pressure of poverty at home.

[illegible]

CHAPTER II.

[illegible]

CHAPTER III.

[illegible]

BETTER MOMENTS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

[illegible]

THE SONG OF SEVENTY.

[illegible]

Our Scrap Book.

SNEEZING.

[illegible]

"The last link is broken that bound me to thee," as the horse said when he kicked off his traces and ran away from the plough.

An apothecary lately sent in a bill to a widow lady, which ran thus:—"To curing your husband till he died!"

A coquette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf—the thorns are reserved for a future husband.

The last definition of "Home Protection" is, a closet to hide away in from your creditors.

"You don't look a-miss," as the young lady said to her beau, when he had got her bonnet on.

That man possesses true courage and magnanimity, who can forgive and forget injuries.

Agricultural.

THE COTTON PLANT.

This plant grows spontaneously in the hot or tropical portions of the globe. It derives its name from the word *Koton*; and is one of the four great materials designed by Providence for human clothing—flax, wool and silk being the other three. It is remarkable that neither of these useful articles was the natural product of Europe. All were indigenous to Asia. Cotton and flax were also natives of Africa and America.

Cotton, which is the most important of these articles, was the last to be generally diffused. Silk, wool and linen were in use three or four thousand years ago, but cotton was introduced at a later date; and, up to the time of our Saviour, was almost unknown as a material for clothing, except in India. Even in the middle ages, we hear no mention of cotton garments in Europe. The Chinese, who have taken the lead in so many arts, did not adopt cotton for use till the eleventh century, though, for four hundred years previous, they had cultivated it as an ornamental shrub in their gardens. Even at the present day, China imports the wool of this plant for manufacture.

[illegible]

Choice Selections.

SEA-RIOUS REFLECTIONS.

BY BEN BOBSTAY, OF BEVERLEY.

[illegible]

SLOTH.

"A little more sleep, a little more slumber,
A little more folding of the hands to sleep,"
For quick-footed dreams, without order or number,
Over my mind are beginning to creep—
Rare is the happiness thus to be captured
By your wild whispers, my fanciful train,
And, like a linnet, be carelessly captured
In the soft nests of my beautiful brain!

Touch not these curtains!—your hands will be tearing
Delicate tissues of thoughts and of things;
Call me not yet! for your voice will be scaring
Flocks of young visions on gossamer wings;
Leave me, Oh! leave me, for in your rude presence
Nothing of all my bright world can remain;
Thou art a blight to this garden of pleasance,
Thou art a blot on my beautiful brain!

Cease your dull lecture on care and employment—
Let me forget awhile trouble and strife,
Leave me to peace—let me husband enjoyment—
This is the heart and the marrow of life!
For to my feeling the choicest of pleasures
Is to lie thus, without peril or pain,
Lazily listening to musical measures
Of the sweet voice in my beautiful brain!

Hush! for the halo of calmness is spreading
Over my spirit, as mild as the dove;
Hush! for the angel of comfort is shedding
Over my body his vial of love;
Hush! for my slumbers are over me stealing,
Thus would I court them again and again;
Hush! for my heart is intoxicate, reeling
In the swift waltz of my beautiful brain!

MONSIEUR EDOUART, OR THE MAN WHO SAVED HIS LIFE BY GIVING HIS BODY FOR DISSECTION.

This ingenious French artist has rooms at 285 Broadway. His cutting of likenesses, simply by the direction of the eye, has excited the admiration and astonishment of all who have witnessed the remarkable perfection of his performances. Mrs. Child lately described a visit to his rooms, in the Broadway Journal, in which she relates the following curious anecdote:

While in Edinburg, the attention of George Combe, the celebrated phrenologist and physiologist, was attracted by M. Edouart's head, which bears a very striking resemblance to the busts of Socrates. He was very desirous to have a cast of it taken in plaster; but this request was refused, from a fear that the wet lime might possibly do some injury to his eyes.

[illegible]

BEAUTY.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

[illegible]

OVERHAULING THE CHARACTER.

[illegible]

THE FADED FLOWER.

[illegible]

CUTTING GRAFTS.

Lord Bacon said very truly, "When nations arrive at civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." Yet the most of farmers who expend one to two or three thousand dollars or more on a fine dwelling, think it extravagance beyond sufferance, to expend one or two hundred dollars to have a good, pleasant, profitable garden for themselves, wives and children. And no part of the "great perfection" aforesaid, is more neglected, than appropriated to the cultivation of first rate fruit. How much better to have rich, sweet and superb cherries for one or two months in the early part of the summer, than only the common pie cherry, whose only taste is its intense sourness; and apricots, almost equal in flavor to the most delicious peaches, and ripening weeks before the earliest peaches are thought of; and melting pears before harvest, and so in succession till mid-winter; and the finest peaches all the autumn: and other fruits added, the whole making out a complete circle of succession the whole year round.

Now, those who have worthless, or second or third rate trees, should forthwith prepare to graft better into them. No pains should be spared in getting the very best kinds; some money and a few long rides will be well employed for this purpose. If the fruit can be examined before the kinds are chosen, it may be done much more satisfactorily;—although those who are not familiar with good fruits might make some blunders. We have known some cultivators, when travelling from home, and very hungry, select as delicious some very contemptible sorts, which their keen appetites led them to pronounce delicious.—*N. Y. Cultivator.*

The Olio.

AN OMISSION.

Two celebrated musicians were introduced to each other, and after having discussed a great many knotty points of thorough bass and composition, they felt so much pleased with each other that they agreed to strengthen the [illegible]

GARDENING.

[illegible]

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

With the honest confidence and familiarity of an old and tried friend, jealous of no competitor, and satisfied of its ability to stand on equal terms with any, and superior to most, published or projected;—the

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

offers the congratulations of the season, as the months emphatically called the reading period approach; and presents, for the information of its friends, and in pursuance of custom, the following

GENERAL PROGRAMME.

Foremost among the duties of a newspaper editor, it is to furnish

A MAP OF BUSY LIFE,
ITS FLUCTUATIONS, AND ITS VAST CONCERNS.

In the performance of this duty the surveyors of the Post will take most especial care in laying out those pleasant places, and tranquil seas, in which the reader will find amusement and improvement. The Quicksands of Vice and the Dangers of Crime will be marked by the necessary and significant beacons, but in no case will the vocation of the conductors be so abused as to render crime interesting by studied description, or to lessen the horrors of misdoing by too minute particulars—producing that familiarity in the minds of the young, which degrades newspapers, with professed good intentions, to the stand of mere panders for crime. As

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

It will be particular on proper themes, brief on others of which unpleasant truth requires the record, and comprehensive on all—performing the partisan work of

NO SECT OF RELIGION,—NO PARTY IN POLITICS.

But striving to render equal and exact justice to all men. During the coming contest, the

ELECTION RETURNS

will be published full and minute, with every pains to be correct, and certainly with as much claim to be trusted as any party paper. Our central position gives us in this respect advantages which no other point in the country possesses to so great an extent as is enjoyed by the

PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

In the Literary Department the same pains heretofore taken will be continued to make the Post in all important respects as good as

THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE,

[illegible]

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE COMBINED;

WE CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT IT!

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE,

"PAUL JONES," "MARION'S MEN,"

AN AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY ROMANCE,

THE BEST AMERICAN ORIGINAL TALES,

ORIGINAL DOMESTIC SKETCHES.

PACKINGS OF ODD CORNERS.

HIGH WROUGHT SCENES OF ROMANCE,

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND STATISTICS.

[illegible]

TERMS.

[illegible]

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THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

AMERICAN HAIR DYE.

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